

A

Seasonable Memento ,

For all that have Voyces in the Choyce of

PARLIAMENT.

1. **W**ould you be free from all the Yoaks of *Rome* ?
 And sit in Peace and quiet at your Home ?
 2. Would you be free from Jesuite and Pope ?
 Would you be free from Fire Sledg and Rope
3. Would you be Free-born-Subjects as you are,
 To whom you give your Votes, then have a care.
 4. Beware of all Abhorrors, such as they,
 Would quickly give three Kingdoms quite away.
 5. What an *Abhorror* ! I abhor his Name,
 Abhorring Clothes him with a lasting Shame ;
 6. He smells so Rank of *Rome* I've understood,
 He never was, nor never will be good.
 7. Abhor the Thoughts of him, who ever stands,
 Put all Abhorrors off with both your hands.
 8. Let them shew ne're so Fair, unshut your Eyes,
 And you will find them Papiests in Disguise.
 9. Beware of such as Countenance these Blades,
 (Tho otherwise they look) they'l prove but Jades.
 10. When they should Ride for Kingdom's good, I doubt,
 They'l all be troubled with the Cramp or Gout.
 It's these Abhorrors, only, such as they,
 Who gladly King and Kingdom would betray ;
 Pull off their Vizzards, look upon their Faces,
 And you'l abhor Abhorrors in all places.
 You'l see a Roman Nose betwixt their Eyes,
 And under that polluted Lips there lies ;
 Between those Lips a double Tongue doth Rest,
 Below you'l find a damn'd deceitful Brest ;
 A hollow Heart, in which the Pope resides,
 From whence Abhorring, and such baseness slides.
 Next have a care of Pensioners I pray you,
 With the Popes Coyn, I greatly fear they'l pay you ;
 They do not care who sinks, nor what man swims,
 For Pope or Devil, they'l venture Life or Limbs.
 They'l Vote for *Noll*, *Mogul*, for Devil or for Turk,
 My Life for yours, they'l quickly do your work.
 It's hard to know them, but they're vainly given,
 For many they will Vote, 'gainst God in Heaven.
 Have you not often heard the Quaker say---- }
 That such and such are Hirelings, it is they ; }
 For it's well know'n, they only Vote for pay. }

A

'Tis

'Tis such as they that bring you to the Noose,
 For be it know'n, these Blades have nought to loose.
 Then have a care of Weather-Cocks, such Men,
 As now turn here, and there, and here again;
 Such Shettel-cocks are fit for Boys to toss,
 To choose such Coxcombes, will be to your loss.
 Who shall we choose, methinks I hear you say,
 Choose whom you will, excepting such as they.
 Choose Solid sober Men, of good esteem,
 That may our King from Ruine soon Redeem.
 Choose such as hates the Pope, as much as Devil,
 Choose such, and they will free you from all Evil;
 Choose Upright honest Men, who will stand by you,
 When Rome and French begin to creep too nigh you.
 To such as *Player*, and Sir *Patience Ward*,
 To such as *Winnington*, have great Regard.
 It's such as *Maynord*, *Pemberton* and *Burtch*,
 That will not leave Electors in the Lurch.
 Away with foolish *Peyton*, *Withins* too,
 The King and Kingdom may such Choyces Rue.
 The Plot gets ground, by such faint-hearted-Fools,
 Who are less fit for Members, than for Owles.
Adkins has nobly Acted for our good,
 To all but Papiists it is understood;
 Wisely they chose him, but alas! how soon,
 Was that small piece of Honour tumbled down.
 To all our Grievs, to every good Man's sorrow,
 Chosen to day, and out again to morrow.
 To't again, bold Free-Holders, with one Heart;
 Begin afresh to Act the second part.
 Do you your Duty, make an honest Choyce,
 To make the King and Kingdom both Rejoyce.
 Be bold as Lyons, what can do you harm,
 It's a good Cause, that keeps your Courage warm.
 Now, now's the time, stand up for publick good,
 Rather than Flinch wade through a Sea of Blood.
 The King has promis'd help to rout the Pope,
 And yours will not be wanting, Sirs, I hope.
 Choose such as hate that bloody minded Crew,
 And we in time may give the Pope his due.
 If you throw Votes away to Popish Friends,
 Then take Releases, for your Leases Ends.
 You that are now Freeholders, farwell Lands,
 If e're a Popish Prince gets them in's hands.
 Beware of giving Votes for such as those,
 As have appear'd both King and Kingdoms Foes.
 A Votes soon gon, that never can be gain'd,
 Lose it but now, 't may never be obtain'd.
 Let not deluding words, or Wine, or Beer,
 Or threatning Language, or a Slavish Fear;
 Perswade you for to throw away your Voates,
 On such as soonest will cut all your Throats.
 Vote for good Men, and God will be their Guides.
 To overthrow the Pope and Devil besides.
 Then we in Peace, at our own homes may sing,
 A Pox Confound the Pope, God bless the King.